

STYLE IN GOTHAM.

What the Metropolitan Dames and Damsels Are Wearing.

Frocks That Make the Wearers Look Like Spring Flowers.

(Special New York Fashion Letter.)

The immortal Bard it was, I think, who said, "Throw physic to the dogs." He meant, throw it away. But at Madison Square Garden it took hteatendants all their time to keep the young folks from throwing chocolate creams enough to kill the lot. Before the dog show was ended the physic was probably in great demand.

I was particularly attracted to a trio of lovely girls, about 14, 16 and 17 years old, accompanied by their governess, who were enthusiastic enough to bring a smile to the face of the most blasé dude. They looked as dainty and fresh as spring flowers in their new frocks.

The youngest wore a double-breasted reefer coat and a short skirt, of cloth of a tinted mixture of cream and dark fawn. The coat was open to show a turn down collar and a tie. It had four large buttons, and, as a finish, two rows of stitching around the edges and on the pocket flaps. The skirt had a saucy look that suited the wearer's jaunty style to perfection. Her hair hung carelessly about her ears; the cap was Tam-o-Shanter, and the gloves tan suede.



A CHIC LITTLE ETON SUIT.

The other two girls had a more "grown-up" air, with dresses of new check designs. One wore a blazer coat and a skirt of a large check in green and brown. This was very effective, the collar of the coat forming two square tabs, the revers being carried from the bottom tab and broadening at the lower end. This gave an entirely new and very dressy effect. Three buttons were on each revers. The sleeves were leg-of-mutton and the whole had a double row of stitching. The skirt hung in graceful folds to the boot tops. A green and old rose shot-silk waist was worn with cream lace at the throat.

The other girl had a neat suit of a small check pattern in green and white, with a black thread running through it. Her jacket was an Eton, cut so as to show the whole front of a blue silk blouse. A single button was well in place at the waist; and the broad revers reaching to the armholes were three buttons. There were three also on each side of the dart at the bottom. The skirt had several rows of stitching; and a broad belt completed a "fetching" little costume. The trio flitted about through the throng in a way that seemed to say, "We are young; but we know how to dress."

In London the aristocratic bowling club is called the "Prince's." Albert Edward often drops in to look on, but does not twirl the wooden ball. His royal highness is getting too heavy; and he realizes that the spectacle of a future king of England exerting himself on the alley, would not be the most dignified thing in the world.

Lady Randolph Churchill, who was Miss Jennie Jerome of New York, and who has been an acknowledged beauty in London for more than 20 years, though no longer in her youth, is the champion bowler of the club. The grace and ease with which she does all sorts of difficult shots call forth rounds of applause, the prince being one of her warmest admirers.

Here in New York the 400 have the same sort of a club. It is called the Knickerbocker, and meets Monday evenings at the clubhouse on Columbus avenue. Unless one is a member, one cannot enter on that particular



STUNNING GOWN OF CANVAS CLOTH.

evening. Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., carries the palm. She is considered by many to be even a more skillful bowler than Lady Churchill. I met her the other day promenading on Fifth avenue in a stunning gown of canvas cloth of a rich dahlia color. The skirt was exquisite in its simplicity and cut; and the jacket was of a new Parisienne style a-la-Eton, known as a "round-about," coming below the waist-line to the hip. It was open-fronted, with a large square collar that formed an artistic tab reaching to the sleeve and giving a broad effect to the figure. It was trimmed with black braid. The sleeves were also trimmed at the wrist with the

other actress in New York. It may not be generally known, but she comes of old Puritan stock, and in her demure appearance and ways always suggests the Puritan maiden to those who know her off the stage. She is a lady to her finger tips. It is said she is the only person who can coax this modern Richard to be "himself again." She is a connoisseur and collector of art, and her collection is worth many thousands of dollars. At the Cyrus Field sale she was among the buyers picking up rare bits. Her gown was very quiet yet "swagger" in appearance—a beautiful piece of cloth in dark blue, figured with a faint dot of white. The whole outfit had a superior tone. Her coat was a chic little Eton, cut open in front and coming just below the waist, with a collar and regulation tailor revers that had two rows. It fitted the slender figure like a glove. She wore a soft front of cream chiffon. The flaring skirt was of a stylish cut, with belt unattached. Mrs. Mansfield looked, indeed, the elegant little Puritan she is.

The costumes illustrated herewith were designed by the National Cloak company of New York.

Silk Waistcoats for Chappies.

All the New York chappies are jubilant over the news that the Prince of Wales has gone in for silk waistcoats. The fashion has made its appearance in the fashionable tailors' windows, which bloom with sweet things in lavender, pink and blue brocade in elaborate designs. It is said his royal highness was moved to this innovation by the laudable desire to encourage the British silk-weaving industry. These waistcoats cost from \$50 to \$100. The fashion dates from the time of Elizabeth, when gentlemen were distinguished from their valets by their gorgeous ruffled and silken attire.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Inertia of the Nerves.

The researches and experiments of Messrs. Broca and Richet have led them to the conclusion that the cerebral nervous system is incapable of perceiving more than an average of ten separate impressions per second. After each exploitation of the nerves a period of inertia follows, lasting about one-tenth of a second, and during this period a new impression cannot be made. According to the same authority a person cannot make more than ten, or at the most a dozen, separate voluntary movements of any



A TRIO OF NEW YORK DAMSELS IN NEW FROCKS.

braid. It fitted the figure closely; and the toilet was elegant both in design and coloring. She wore a smart velvet toque with mignonette and violets, and a paradise feather at the side.

Mrs. Richard Mansfield (Beatrice Cameron) wife and leading woman of the brilliant but eccentric actor, goes into society perhaps more than any

kind in a second, although the muscles, independently of the will, are capable of making as many as thirty or forty.—Youth's Companion.

The following states, all belonging to the original thirteen, still hold annual sessions of the Legislature: Georgia, Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island and South Carolina.

A UNIQUE HERMIT.

For Twenty-Five Years He Has Lived in a Hole in the Ground.

Disappointed in Love He Withdrew From Human Society.

In the town of Blaine, Me., there is a unique hermit. For twenty-five years he has lived in a hole in the ground. This picturesque recluse, George Monroe, is now sixty years old, but stays in his singular abode in spite of increasing age and infirmities. He spends his existence like a prairie dog.

A New York press correspondent saw the old man in his dugout the other day. It is a place unfit for human abode. In the side of a hill he has dug a hole and roofed it over with poles and sod. A rude door is stoutly made and fastened by a number of hooks and hasps, and locked with a big, rusty padlock. The only other vent is a little window with an outside shutter.

Housecleaning is simple with this hermit. When his house gets musty and odoriferous he moves, digs a new hole and takes his roof with him. Then he has a new house, fresh and clean. His only implement is an old spade which he has worn down sharp. There are two rooms to his house, an outside store room, about five by eight feet, and his living room, where in a low space about four by eight he has his cook-stove, his bed and his provisions (which consist of a barrel of flour, a can of molasses, and a piece of pork). This old man has lived in this miserable hole for a quarter of a century without a bath, change of clothes or decent food; yet he is in good health, has good lungs, a good digestion, and not a trace of rheumatism.

The hermit's costume consists of only two articles, a tattered pair of trousers and a dirty red shirt. The way in which they are kept together and prevented from dropping off from his gaunt frame by sundry pieces of string, strands of rope, and bits of yarn, instead of buttons, is something to marvel at.

But he was not always thus. He has seen better days. It is the same old story—the same sad story of disappointment and bitterness. When he started out in life he owned a large and fertile farm, and lived in a comfortable dwelling house above ground. Nothing save a wife was lacking to make his life one of happiness and peace. Then came the love disappointment, and the consequent dejection. He gradually became more taciturn, and finally withdrew from his associates. It was too much trouble to run a house just for himself, he said, and then there was the likelihood of a fire; so he gave it up and retired to his hole in the ground, where he has lived ever since. The world will never know the whole story of the old man's career, for he refuses to speak of his past.

The Chin as an Index.

Protruding chins characterize men and women of the get-there type. Successful people usually carry their chins thrust forward, with compressed lips. This chin, if heavy, with broad rami and swelling masseters, indicates fighting blood.

A retreating chin shows lack of force, mentally, morally, and physically; usually of the yielding sort; soon discouraged; desires protection; small executive force. The development of other faculties often make up for this defect.

A small, well-rounded chin, with mobile and red cushion of flesh upon, indicates a pleasure-loving owner. If dimpled, all the more so, for dimpled chins belong to coquettes. People with dimples love to be petted and loved; like admiration and praise, generally fickle. Usually this chin is healthy, recuperative and long lived.

Broad chins signify nobleness and large dignity, unless vertically thin, when, if with it there be thin lips of bloodless kind, you find cruelty. Square chins with little flesh denote firmness and executive ability. These make good haters.

Drunkards usually have a circular line about their chins. Slovens have wrinkles about their chins.

Long thin chins are poetical, un-

stable and delicate in constitution. Such people are subject to bowel derangements. If thin through the angles of the mouth, too, they are prone to tuberculosis. Generally shortlived.

Medium chins with a suggestive bifurcation in the centre, with small mounds of flesh on either side, characterize generosity, impulsiveness, cheery natures. (The same sized chins, with a dab of flesh just under the centre of the lower lip, indicate meanness, selfishness, brutality.)

N. B.—No one feature can be taken in judging character. Often development of other faculties of mind or feature entirely governs. In each case take the "totality of indications" before judging.—St. Louis Clinique.

Why Physicians Should Shave.

It may be claimed by some, writes Dr. W. A. Hockembyer to the Medical Brief, that the beard is provided by nature, and should be allowed to remain. So it may be with the layman, but when with the faculty it might prove a serious means of contagion, it were better that no chances should be taken. In listening to the action of the heart, or in making other examinations, the face of the examiner must necessarily come into contact with the person or clothing of the patient, and a bearded face would be much more liable to be affected thereby than the cleanly shaven skin. Dr. Marion Sims was under the impression that disease had often been conveyed by this means, and was always a firm believer that the less the face was encumbered, the better it was for both the doctor and patient. There is, beyond all that, this fact which cannot but be generally admitted; the perspiration of summer and the frosted breath of winter, or the dampness from rain in all seasons, are not pleasant things for a doctor to carry into a sick room. In winter he may divest himself of his overcoat and hat in the hall, but the beard, with the effects of the outside atmosphere, cannot be so easily laid aside, and oftentimes, especially if the call be a hurried one, the patient may become nauseatedly aware that the doctor was interrupted in the enjoyment of his pipe.

A Dog Fired the Rifle.

The accidental discharge of a twenty-two-calibre rifle recently, ended the life of Albert Cooper, an eighteen-year-old boy, at Stevens, Cal.

Cooper and two friends left Kern City on a hand car in the morning for a rabbit hunt. At about four in the afternoon they were ready to return, and placed their guns on the floor of the car. Cooper was standing in front of the car. One of the party had already boarded it, and the other lifted their hunting dog from the ground and placed him on top of the weapons. There followed immediately the discharge of Cooper's rifle, the bullet entering the abdomen and perforating the aorta. Death ensued within fifteen minutes from internal hemorrhage.

The firing of the gun must have been caused by the dog striking the trigger with his foot. It is supposed that the victim of the accident had neglected to lower the hammer when he laid the weapon down. The family of young Cooper have resided here for several years, his father being a locomotive engineer of long service with the railroad company.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Morning Drink.

A glass of water should always be taken the first thing in the morning. It exercises a two-fold advantage. First of all, when sipped slowly it acts as a stimulator to the excretory organs. Secondly, during sleep a great deal of mucus is secreted by the membrane lining the mouth and other organs of the alimentary canal, and this morning drink removes it. Many a morning headache will be cured if this habit is carefully and systematically carried out.—New York World.

Surgery.

Consulting Surgeon—What is the matter here?

House Surgeon—This is a man who ate the first dumpling his wife ever made.

Consulting Surgeon—Um, he seems pretty weak. I guess we'd better not probe for the dumpling yet awhile.—Truth.